groves of fruit trees and vineyards, seem one picturesque street. All this is backed by the rich mass of forest, which appears to have no bounds. I scarcely ever saw a landscape equal to this in the same style, for the hills are bolder than about Richmond and the culture more varied.

The lady of the house (a Castelanne by birth) is a cheerful, sensible woman, extremely fond of the place, and very well satisfied with having saved such a remnant of her fortunes. A great deal of the fine timber has been cut down for the support of life.

Did I ever tell you M. de Castillon was alive and well ? He has refused being chosen a deputy, having given up the world since his misfortunes, among which the greatest blow was his son being guillotined.

Think of Cosway's friend, David the painter! Before the gth Thermidor he came to Fontainebleau, took a minute, and made the list of about eight hundred persons to be murdered, and settled everything for their execution on a certain day. I have met the monster in the passages of the Louvre, but he hangs his tiger-head and face, and

turns aside.

Dominick Meade and Lynch came here to visit me, but the former ate so much fruit that